

The Classical Bulletin

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No. 1

Bella, Horrida Bella

A nation whose legends claim for it kinship with grim Mars, and a founder suckled at the breast of a wolf, should have very definite views about war. The Romans, claiming Romulus as their own and looking back to a warlike ancestry, did have a judgment to pass in the matter. It came after two centuries of constant warfare, when, finally, in the reign of Augustus, the whole world was at peace. Vergil spoke for Rome when he put into the mouth of the Sibyl the words: *Bella, horrida bella* (*Aen.* VI, 86).

It is not surprising that the Roman world, which had literally lived war for centuries, fighting to build up an empire and defend its possessions, and finally torn asunder by the civil wars of Marius and Sulla, Pompey and Caesar, Octavius and Brutus, should at last come to envisage not the glamor of war, but its grim reality. Vergil, Rome's prophet, with his sympathetic nature and a poet's insight saw more vividly than all the true nature of war. In the later books of the Aeneid we find this clearly expressed.

When Vergil sang of *arma*, he did not, like Homer, exult in the clash of arms and the glory of battle. He could imagine of course the serried ranks of bold warriors, the flashing of helmets in the sun, the stout spears and glittering swords; he could hear in the measured tramp of marching columns the power and irresistible force they represented; his heart leaped up at the war cry and the summons of the brazen-mouthed trumpet; his imagination kindled at the deadly combat of heroes and the wild, death-dealing rush of chariots—all this he saw and felt, and described in vivid, vigorous language; but to his picture he always added a pathetic touch which makes it true to reality.

When Euryalus and Nisus had wrought deeds of valor in their attempt to break through the enemy's line, and had died as gallant warriors, Vergil looked beyond the glory to the grief of the mother of Euryalus:

Hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio? tunc illa senectae
sera meae requies, potuisti linquere solam,
crudelis? nec te, sub tanta pericula missum,
adfari extremum miserae data copia matri?
(IX, 481-484)

Quo sequar? aut quae nunc artus avolsaque membra
et funus lacerum tellus habet? hoc mihi de te,
nate, refers? hoc sum terraque marique secuta?
(IX, 490-492)

In the youthful death of Pallas the whole story of war is told: great honor to the dead hero, but for the

father, grief. In his anguish at the sight of his dead boy, Evander cries out:

Non haec, O Palla, dederas promissa parenti,
cautius ut saevo velles te credere Marti!
Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis,
et praedulce decus primo certamine posset.
Primitiae iuvenis miserae, bellique propinqui
dura rudimenta! (XI, 152-157)

Again, when Aeneas slays Lausus, Vergil adds a touch which strips war of all its glamor, a touch prompted by that gentle heart of his:

... validum namque exigit ensem
per medium Aeneas iuvenem totumque recondit;
transiit et parvam mucro, levia arma minacis,
et tunicam, molli mater quam neverat auro,
implevitque sinum sanguis. (X, 815-819)

"The tunic embroidered by his mother with delicate golden thread"—surely here we have the *lacrimae rerum* and Mars revealed as grim Mars.

Aeneas himself is saddened at the sight:

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis et ora,
ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris,
ingemuit miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit,
et mentem patriae subiit pietatis imago.
(X, 821-824)

Here every line is filled with sadness, every word meaningful, even to the patronymic, which calls to mind Aeneas' own filial devotion.

Thus throughout the six books of war nearly every description of brave deeds done and glory won has its accompanying note of pathos. It has been said of the ancients that they never entered into lengthy descriptions for description's sake. If they describe a raging flood or a forest fire, there is a shepherd or farmer nearby whose heart is wrung at the destruction of flock or farm. So, too, Vergil is not satisfied with a bare description of battles. He looks deeper and recognizes in the stricken soldier a mother's loving son, a faithful husband, a father. He has been criticized precisely on this score; he does not relish battle as did the author of the Iliad, and cannot enter into its spirit. He seems rather to deserve praise. He paints war in its true colors. To him the prostrate warrior is more than a hulk of fighting flesh; he is a man with a home and a family, to whom life was sweet and whose death will bring grief to many loving hearts.

Bella, horrida bella—a classic phrase which voices the judgment of Rome, nay, of humanity, on war.

St. Louis, Mo.

JOSEPH F. HOGAN, S. J.

Translating Metaphors and Proverbs

A very important and a very difficult problem in the teaching of Latin is to train pupils to translate thought instead of words. This is especially true in translating from English into Latin. It is quite probable that the difficulty is augmented by the fact that both textbooks and teachers remain too conservative in the type of exercises that they assign for translation. In the beginning of the Latin course, when the pupil is still wrestling with the intricacies of inflection, it is proper to assign exercises for translation in which the thought lies on the surface. Yet when some progress in etymology and elementary syntax has been made, there is no reason why the pupils' power over the vernacular should not be exercised by the use of sentences which cannot be translated literally, sentences which are couched in idiomatic and even literary English, and which therefore need to be analyzed and simplified before they can be translated. The use of such exercises not only enhances the disciplinary value of prose composition, but by putting a premium on native ingenuity, does much to inject lively interest into what is so often looked upon as mere drudgery.

It is not always the pupil's fault if he remains a mere nominalist throughout his high-school course. Many textbooks cater to this attitude by failing to give him any opportunity for expansion. Sentences are so framed that usually there is only one way to render them into Latin, and any variation, inspired by an attempt at originality, generally results in a mistake. When words with transferred or metaphorical meanings are introduced, the pupil is immediately apprised of the fact by a footnote or by an explanation found in the vocabulary. The result is that the young Latinist imbibes the idea that he is to translate literally, unless instructed to do otherwise. Discrimination, analysis of meanings, resourcefulness, and boldness in independent thinking are not developed, because they are seldom called for. Hence even the fourth-year teacher, who has given his class such a sentence as "The whole town turned out to meet him" must be prepared to find that the word "town" has been translated by *urbs* or *oppidum* instead of by *cives* or *oppidani*, or, at least, *civitas*. If he asks his pupils whether the word "town" in this sentence means "people" or "houses, streets, etc.," he will undoubtedly receive the correct answer, but in default of such a warning question the pupils will generally fail to discriminate.

It is a recognized principle of pedagogy that new principles should be illustrated by the use of striking or even extreme examples. Hence it is desirable that pupils should be warned away from slavishly literal translation not by a gradual and timid process, but by requiring them to translate highly metaphorical sentences, in which the difference between literal and figurative values is strikingly apparent, and in which therefore the folly of a literal translation is obvious. Even a stupid pupil can be made to see that his own slang expression, "to be sitting on top of the world," is to be

rendered by the superlative of *beatus* or *felix*, rather than by a literal flight into the empyrean. The procedure that is here advocated will seem difficult and forbidding at the start, but as soon as pupils understand what is expected of them, the initial sense of helplessness will be replaced by consciousness of power, and consciousness of growing power is the most solid and lasting basis of interest in all branches of study. Furthermore, students will be glad to see that the study of Latin can improve one's command of English in other ways than by the tracing of derivatives.

Although any strikingly metaphorical sentences will serve the purpose of this program, yet the most profitable as well as the most interesting exercise is the translation of English proverbs. As a preliminary step, pupils should be instructed to determine the precise meaning of the proverb, and to paraphrase it in the most simple and direct manner possible. They should introduce no new metaphors; and they should use verbs as much as possible, especially as substitutes for abstract nouns. Jejuneness of metaphor and general preference for verbs constitute two of the outstanding differences between Latin and English style. It is true, of course, that Latin has its own proverbs, some of them quite metaphorical. This fact should be mentioned to prevent pupils from forming false impressions, but no attempt should be made to find a classical equivalent for each English proverb. It is enough if the pupils are encouraged to recognize such equivalents as they appear in the matter read in class, e.g. Cicero's *Pares cum paribus facillime congregantur*; for "Birds of a feather flock together"; and Horace's *Carpe diem* for "Make hay while the sun shines."

The value of this type of exercise is manifold:

1. The analysis and paraphrasing of the meaning of the proverb is in itself a profitable exercise in thinking. It often requires much study and discussion.
 2. Since proverbs constitute the "crystallized experience of the race," the underlying thought is intrinsically valuable and educative.
 3. The exercise is highly stimulating. Pupils will vie with one another for a chance to tell you what the proverb means. Many of the weaker Latinists will be able to contribute to the recitation, and by showing unsuspected power of thought will be encouraged to work harder at Latin itself.
 4. If pupils are invited to supply the proverbs themselves, they will be on the alert for examples in their English reading, and will even do some profitable browsing in the library.
 5. Pupils will develop a taste for metaphor and a sense of discrimination in its use. It will not be long before expressions of real literary value will begin to appear in their English translations of Latin authors.
- The following exercises will provide material for the first few lessons. The first exercise is composed of popular metaphorical expressions; the second is made up of familiar proverbs. In each case the non-figurative paraphrase is inserted. The metaphors should be worked

into complete sentences, e.g., "The building will be under roof before the snow flies"—*Tectum huic aedificio ante hiemem imponetur.*

Metaphorical Expressions

Before the snow flies	Before winter <i>Ante hiemem</i>
His blood ran cold	He was terrified <i>Perterritus est</i> <i>Corpore perhorruit</i>
His blood boiled	He was very angry <i>Valde iratus est</i>
I'm all at sea	I do not know what to do <i>Nescio quid faciam</i> <i>Quo me vertam nescio</i>
In the springtime of life	When he was young <i>Cum adulescens esset</i>
He strained every nerve (to accomplish the task)	He tried with all his strength <i>Omnibus (totis) viribus conatus est</i>
He jumped at the chance to go	He went gladly <i>Lactus et libens ivit</i> <i>Libentissime abiit</i>
His heart danced with joy	He was very happy <i>Beatissimus erat</i> <i>Felix beatusque erat</i> <i>Vehementer laetatus est</i>
A sea of troubles	Many troubles <i>Multae molestiae</i>
The words stuck in his throat	He could not speak <i>Loqui non potuit</i> <i>(Vox faucibus haesit: Virgil)</i>

Proverbs

A burnt child dreads the fire	We fear that which has harmed us <i>Id quod nobis nocuit timemus</i>
Still waters run deep	Silent people are often wise <i>Homines taciti saepe sapiunt</i>
Every dog has his day	No one is always unfortunate <i>Nemo semper infelix</i>
No rose without thorns	Nothing is entirely pleasant <i>Nihil est ab omni parte iucundum</i>
Don't cry over spilled milk	Don't grieve over misfortunes that cannot be remedied <i>Noli dolere de incommodis quae sanari non possunt</i>
The boy is father to the man	As one is in boyhood, so he will be in manhood <i>Qualis puer talis vir</i>
He is a chip of the old block	He is like his father <i>Patris simillimus est</i>
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush	What you have is worth more than what you hope for <i>Quod habes pluris est quam quod speras.</i>

Detroit, Mich.

HUGH P. O'NEILL, S. J.

NOTE.—Last year practice in the translation of metaphorical expressions was made an integral part of the preparation required for participation in the annual Latin contest conducted by the University of Detroit. All of the teachers who made reports on the matter declared that the exercise added appreciably to their pupils' interest in Latin. We reprint here the passage that was set for translation in the contest. Of the 106 high-school pupils who took part in the contest, thirty-five per cent secured a grade of 85% or better for their translation of this passage.

The Fall of Troy

As soon as the Trojans saw the great horse that the Greeks had constructed, their eyes grew big with wonder. Questions flew from lip to lip: "What is it? Why was it built?" Although some thought that it was a gift from the gods, others feared that it was a piece of Greek treachery. The leaders ordered it to be destroyed, but their words fell upon deaf ears. If the unhappy Trojans had listened to Laocoon, they would have opened the horse's belly to see what was inside, but madness triumphed over prudence, and the horse, filled with Greek soldiers, was brought into the heart of the city. Thanks to the folly of the Trojans, the Greeks accomplished by treachery in a single night what they had not been able to do by force of arms in ten years, and before dawn the beautiful city of Troy had been reduced to heaps of smouldering ruins.

H. P. O'N.

The business of the teacher is to raise a thirst.—William Lyon Phelps

De Ripio Vinkelio VI

Ad quem ut propius accessit, hominis peregrini figuram insuetam vehementius miratus est: erat enim senex parva et quadrata figura, spisso ac fruticante capillo, barba canescente; vestitu Batavorum morem antiquum referebat; nam tunica textili cinctu obstricta indutus erat, praeter complures bracas, quarum exteriores ampliores et bullarum ordinibus ab lateribus ornatæ sub genibus globabantur. Is cupam solidam, liquore aliquo ut videbatur plenam, humero baiulabat, et Ripio, ut sibi addeset seque onus portantem adiuvaret, manu significabat. Cui ille, subtimens et novae consuetudini diffidens, tamen usitata alacritate paruit, atque onus vicissim ferentes per angustas fauces eniti coeperunt, quæ sicco alveo torrentis montani similes erant. Qui dum ascendunt, Ripius subinde productiores ac velut longinqui tonitrus undantes fragores audiebat, qui ex alto hiatu oriri inter arduas rupes videbantur, quo praecepta semita ducebat. Consistit ille in loco ad momentum temporis; tum, murmur se parvae alicuius procellae audire ratus, quales in summis montibus feri saepe solent, eadem via perrexit, et postquam illum hiatum transierunt, in locum cavum caveae similem pervenerunt. Hic locus directis disruptisque saxis saeptus erat, e quorum quasi superciliis arbores ramis passis ita eminebant, ut vix conspectum ullum caeli sereni aut nubes sub vespere a sole collucentis praebent. Atque illo toto tempore Ripius eiusque comes silentio et labore oppressi processerant; namque, etsi ille vehementer mirabatur, quamobrem liquoris cupa agrestem in montem portaretur, tamen ignotae rei atque inexplicabilis tanta erat insolentia, ut formidine incussa familiaritatem prohiberet.

Caveam vero ingressi novis rebus ac miris percussi sunt. Nam in medio caveae solo in catervam quandam insolito aspectu homunculorum "novem paxillis" ludentium incurrerunt. Hi omnes insueto quodam et antiquo more vestiti erant: alii enim breves et angustiores, alii longiores tunicas gerebant; omnes longis cultris accincti erant; plerique immensis braciis vestiti erant eiusdem generis, quibus Ripii dux utebatur. Vultus quoque singulares: hic enim barbam promissam, latam faciem, parvos oculos ac porcinos habebat; illius tota facies naso constare videbatur, eiusque caput turbinato pileo albo, ruba galli plumula distincto, opertum erat. Omnes barbam varia forma varioque colore alere. Unus tamen dux et magister ceterorum videbatur esse: senex obeso corpore, aspera a sole et imbribus facie, polymito thorace, lato cinctu cum pugione, celso ac plumato galero, rufis tibialibus, calceis eminentibus et rosa ornatis. Haec omnis caterva Ripii in memoriam redegit signa quaedam in vetere quadam tabula Flandræ depicta, quæ ex Batavia a colonis importata, in Domini Sacchii conclavi, rerum sacrarum in pago ministri, servabatur.

Omaha, Nebr.

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Editorial

Another school year has begun, and we Latin and Greek teachers find ourselves once again standing before classes of intelligent young pupils eager to profit by the best we have to give them. In many schools and colleges the classes in Latin and Greek are rallying points for students of the better sort, and hence we have promising material to work on. We ourselves are convinced that in the Classics we have something decidedly worthwhile to offer our students, especially in the matter of training. Let us not, however, make the mistake, so common in this day of salesmanship and propaganda, of beginning the year with an endeavor to prove to our classes by argument the value of classical studies. The arguments that would appeal to them now are minor arguments at best, whilst the deeper and more substantial reasons why we teach the Classics would, for the most part, only be lost on them. After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. So why not arouse their interest by letting them taste blood right from the outset? Conviction is bound to follow upon interest in due time. But how are we to proceed? We shall attain our initial objective of arousing interest, if we do not make our first assignments and recitations consist in mere memory work and drill and lifeless translation, but give our pupils every day, beginning with the first, some glimpse of the marvellous mysteries of language, of the logic and psychology and life that lie concealed in the simplest forms, of the vivid pictures of ancient life enshrined in little words and phrases, of the strange

adventures of many a word and idiom in its journey down the centuries from ancient Rome to modern America. The whole background of our knowledge of linguistic science, of history, philosophy, art, politics, and many another department of human learning and endeavor ought to lie behind and shine through and be felt in even the most elementary lesson of grammar we teach our classes. That this may be the case, our teaching must be living, enthusiastic, inspired. We must ourselves hear and see and relish the things, the events, and the persons of which the ancient texts are but the dead symbols, and then present them to our pupils as a cross-section of ancient life, or better, as a real and living experience to be entered into and lived by them. To this end our own preparation can, of course, never be wholly adequate. Hence the necessity for us of constant growth in knowledge and appreciation. We must read and study incessantly, so that we may never teach the same matter a second time in exactly the same way, but each successive year incorporate into our teaching of old lessons and old authors our own deeper understanding and wider experience. Thus conceived and thus practiced, teaching will never grow stale, but remain ever fresh, interesting, and stimulating even to ourselves. Nor shall we gain the reputation of belonging to the tribe of dry and bookish pedagogues purveying the bones of dead languages to the living youth of the twentieth century, who above all things crave for life.

Our readers will be sorry to learn that John Donovan, a member of the English province of the Society of Jesus and one of Great Britain's eminent classical scholars, died on July 6 at the ripe old age of seventy-two in his native Ireland, whither he had been sent to recover some measure of health. In his younger days Fr. Donovan had taken honors in Classics at London University as a close second to James Hope Moulton, who later achieved fame as a New Testament scholar. After ordination to the priesthood he taught Classics for several years at Stonyhurst. Between 1892 and 1895 he contributed a series of learned studies to the *Classical Review*, in which he expounded the modern theory of the Greek tenses, just then coming into vogue on the continent. Karl Brugmann, then the leading grammarian in Germany, was impressed by these articles and frequently refers to them in his *Griechische Grammatik*. Fr. Donovan was able to support the new theory of the tenses not only from his intimate knowledge of Greek, but also from his contacts with Polish and Russian through his friend and fellow Jesuit von Dunin-Borkowski. His *Theory of Advanced Greek Prose Composition*, published in three parts by Basil Blackwell of Oxford, is a monument to his thorough acquaintance with Greek idiom. But Fr. Donovan's career as a teacher soon came to an abrupt end, when the precarious condition of his health forced him to quit the classroom altogether. Yet with an ardor that would have done credit to a strong young man, he threw himself into a life of strenuous study, making a very careful survey

of the Greek Christian literature of the early centuries. In numerous contributions to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, many of which dealt with the subject of the Fourth Gospel, he shattered the unwarranted assumptions of certain rationalists. In a minor but important publication he attempts to trace the exact meaning of the word *Logia*, which in the phrase *the Logian document* plays an important role in the solution of the Synoptic Problem. The inspiration of Fr. Donovan's career for us teachers and students of the Classics lies at least partly in the fact that this extraordinary man accomplished his best work as an invalid, during a period of over thirty years, while his life hung hourly in the balance. The CLASSICAL BULLETIN has lost in Fr. Donovan an enthusiastic supporter and valued contributor. R. I. P.

We wish to announce that Cicero's *First Oration Against Catiline*, arranged in sense-lines, is now ready in mimeographed form. Teachers' copies, with introduction, text, and rhetorical notes, may be had for 35c postpaid; pupils' copies, containing the text only, for 20c each, postpaid. The *Pro Archia*, similarly arranged, is also available at the same prices. Both these pamphlets may be ordered from the Business Editor of the CLASSICAL BULLETIN, St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. For those who have been using the *Loyola Vocabularies* we should like to add that the vocabulary for *Aeneid III* is just off the press (32 pages) and may be had for 12c a copy from the Loyola University Press, Chicago.

Finding Rome in Her Language

The fields of learning have in these latter years been carefully delimited from one another and defined as to scope and method, but the mind must, of course, not take this division as existing in the real world outside itself. The object of scientific method and classification is to attain clarity, order, and concentration in our thinking, but not to make of our minds a series of compartments, one filled with philological data, another with historical facts, and so on. After dividing knowledge, the mind must fuse it again into its original unity. The method of philology and grammar, for example, is most excellent and valuable, but if we permit it to tyrannize over our minds, these studies will become dull indeed. But if we maintain the freedom of the spirit to reorganize all it knows back into the complexity of life, we shall find in syntax and etymology and linguistic development a vital and lasting interest. For the study of antiquity is, in the large, artistic. We desire to reconstruct from literature, history, archaeology, philosophy, and so forth, with the imaginative grasp of the artist, the *organism* that was classical civilization and life, and that in all its fullness, as worked out by the Greeks and Romans themselves. And language study, if broadly conceived, serves this object in two ways, one intrinsic and the other extrinsic. Let us begin with the first.

The genius of a nation is a thing as individual and as subtle as a human personality. To reconstruct it, therefore, we must find, not some abstract outline, such as Cicero gives us when he enumerates *gravitas, constantia, magnitudo animi, probitas* as the great Roman virtues, but some record that is plastic to the form and features of Rome. Language is such a record. It is on its speech especially that a nation leaves the imprint of its genius and its character. Witness the very sound and ring of the words I have just quoted from Cicero. Moreover, who does not feel in a line like

Romanos, rerum dominos, gentemque togatam,

almost an incarnation of the spirit of Rome? Truly, language is the mirror of the mind and soul, changing with the changing thoughts and feelings of a people, expanding to its mental development,—being keen or blunt as are the men who use it—and wasting away in its period of decline. If every act of a race, as of a man, bears the unmistakable mark of the self, then surely language, the medium used most constantly to express every reaction to the problems of nature and mankind, must come in time to fit the spirit of a people as old clothes come to eling familiarly about our bodies.

I am speaking here of language, not of literature. In literature, it is true, there is found something far greater: but literature is not so truly a common, universal product of a people as their language. It fluctuates readily with the times and fashions of the times; it is more susceptible to foreign influences, more dependent on the peculiarities and eccentricities of individuals. Who would place Catullus and Virgil side by side? How much even Caesar and Cicero and Sallust differ, though men of the same age! Could we say that the peculiar stamp of Varro or of Caesar or of Horace is the stamp of Rome? True, literature grows in the soil of national culture; but the nurture of a particular age and the cultivation of its individual creators weaken its racial universality: whereas language is more the common product of a race; every age has laid its touch upon it; it has taken something from every user, from the writer and the farmer, from the politician and the orator, from the soldier and the haggling merchant in the shops. Latin is basically as Roman in Caesar and Sallust as in Cicero; the same things may be read in the syntax, the vocabulary, the "feel" of Cicero, as in those of Cato. In studying, then, the bare language, its muscles and bones, we find that subtle blending of racial qualities that resembles the living reality of the people who used it.

Latin, for instance, lacks the shading particles: the Roman lacked the emotional nature that created the Greek *ἄρα* and *δή* and *τοι*. The normal Roman equivalent for

Ἐγὼ μὲν δὴ τοῦτό γ' οὐκ ἂν εἶποιμι σου,

would probably be simply

Ego illud non dixerim.

The Roman, whether speaking, or writing speeches or

letters or poetry, placed his words in a strong architectural row, like blocks in a wall. There is in Latin no article and few auxiliary words. There is ever a severe strength, a practical intellectuality. Compare for instance Euripides'

εἰ σ' ἢ ποῦσα λαμπρὰς ὄψεται θεοῦ . . . θανῆ.

with Ennius' unimaginative rendering of the same line:

Si te secundo lumine hic offendero . . . moriere.

The Latin vocabulary is poor in abstract nouns: Rome had a brick-and-mortar imagination, and her mind was always close to concrete reality. Verbs, the sinews of speech, carry the greatest freightage:

Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere
qui nequit, hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

Rome was the city of power and action: speculation found her hard soil for its tender roots. That plainness of speech, whereof the translator becomes instantly aware, is it not as typical of the practical Roman as his legions and his laws? Can one read Latin, whether it be in Cicero or Caesar or Livy, without feeling that tone which Fr. Martindale calls senatorial?

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.

The swell and sweep of the Latin period, which is found even in some of the earliest Latin—it is the spirit of the assembly of the gods, the majesty of Rome on her seven hills, the solemnity of the triumphal procession winding its way up the Capitoline to the great temple of Jupiter.

But these are the more obvious things that do not entirely elude analysis. In every character, and more so in the characters of the great, there is a host of subtle qualities that are felt rather than fully understood. Of actions, as of words, people say, "It is just like so-and-so,"—"it sounds just like him," though they could hardly formulate their reasons for making such statements. So it is with a language. As one reads it, one intuitively understands its soul; one feels the presence of qualities hard to analyze or name, for they come to the mind and the emotions in a subtle harmony. Yet, this is not mere vague, gratuitous feeling; it is a real perception of individuality, though without scientific accuracy. German and French and Latin are seen to have differences as elusive and as real as have human faces.

This intrinsic revelation of national character is the first service of language study in the artistic reconstruction of the ancient cultures. It is intrinsic, for it may be found in the vocabulary and idiomatic structure of the language itself. Even if there were no great literature to lure us to Rome, if her history were vague and her art lost, we should still find in her language a living replica of her mind and character.

But mere language has also an extrinsic service to render in the imaginative re-creation of ancient life. As one who knows intimately a man's life, his experiences, his past thoughts and discarded ideals, may find a world of meaning in a sudden smile of his, a gesture, a mere

word, so one who knows the history, the art, the religion of a people, may find in a chance word or phrase or idiom of its speech a revelation of its genius. Hence language can serve other knowledge as an artistic focal point, wherein is gathered in small compass all that is most characteristic of a nation.

And Rome in her great characteristics, her genius, her achievements is, indeed, worth knowing. There is the sturdy independence and strong pride of the early farmer burgess idealized in Horatius and Cincinnatus and Cato. Hannibal strides with destruction the length of Italy, but the high gates of the Latin colonies remain closed and barred. Hannibal burns the crops in the fields, leaves famine and broken morale behind, and the stern-faced Romans follow and wait and watch from the neighboring hills. Hannibal knocks at the very gates of Rome, and through an opposite gate, with fine optimism, marches a relieving Roman army, not to, but from the beleaguered city. Trebia, Trasimene, Cannae—armies lost at a blow—yet the proud city swells her fighting ranks with her last manhood, and thanks the beaten commanders because they have not despaired of Rome! The stern and practical Cato cries out in the senate against the word-banding philosophers with the same vehemence with which he utters his characteristically Roman *Carthago delenda est*. There are high-handed Sulla, and Pompey, an eastern Napoleon, changing the map of a dozen nations. There is Caesar poised in the north like an eagle biding his time, then swooping down full on Italy. Wars in Africa, Spain and Illyria! The problems of empire and world peace! Pirates to face and philosophies to weave into the national culture! What a people was this! What a spirit, human, individual, narrow, yet rising to the conception of world dominion!

If to enter into the depths of one great man is a liberal education, what broadening of the mind and heart, what stimulation of the imagination, to enter into the genius of this great nation of antiquity! To this consummation a study of her art can contribute, and of her science, her laws, and her customs. But it is especially in Rome's language that we find the qualities of her character unified. Through a knowledge of her language many of the puzzle-pieces of her history can be fitted one into the other, all the threads of special knowledge in the realm of Latin scholarship can be drawn together and worked into one artistic whole. Moreover, in the light shed upon it by these other studies, the language itself will show nuances unnoticed before; till, finally, one can feel in syntax and idiom the pulse-beat of the living language, will find in the great Roman tongue Rome herself, her strength and her weaknesses, the unity of her character tessellated with mosaic bits from all the centuries of her life, her thought, her great men. We cannot refrain in this connection from echoing Fr. James J. Daly's beautiful verses on the Latin tongue:

Like a loud-booming bell shaking its tower
Of granite blocks, the antique Latin tongue
Shook the whole earth: over all seas it flung
Triremes of war, and bade grim legions scour

The world's far verges. Its imperial dower
Made Tullius a god: and Flaccus strung
Its phrases into garlands; while among
The high enchanters it gave Maro power.

Then Latin lost its purple pomp of war,
Its wine-veined laughter and patrician tears:
It cast its fleshly grossness, won a soul,
And trafficked far beyond the farthest star
With angel cohorts, echoing through the years
In sacred embassies from pole to pole.

St. Louis, Mo.

ROBERT J. HENLE, S. J.

"The New Testament Conception of *Metanoia*"

It would be in a theological review that Father Dirksen's substantial study, "the New Testament Conception of *Metanoia*,"¹ should find adequate appreciation. Yet it invites attention here, both because of definite overlapping with the classical field, and for the good example of plan and thoroughness he has set all of us who have philological work to do.

The plan is naturally commanded by the problem. Etymologically, *μετάνοια* means a change of mind. In the New Testament it evidently means more than that. Zorell, for example, defines it: "*totius vitae in melius mutatio hominisque ad Deum conversio talis quae dolorem de vita praeterita satisfactionemque includit.*"² To this conception, rooted in tradition, there have been, since the sixteenth century, plenty of dissenting voices. What, on historical and philological grounds, ought one to hold? The question is important, for it concerns a prime essential of the Gospel: "After John had been imprisoned, Jesus returned to Galilee and preached God's Message of Salvation, and said: 'The time is ended, and the Kingdom of God is come. *Μετανοεῖτε* . . .'" (Mark i, 15).

Part I of Father Dirksen's study is devoted to the view of the matter taken and handed down by Christian writers successive to the Apostolic Age. Their conception, duly substantiated in detail, comes to significant expression in the Latin version of the Gospel: *μετάνοια* = *poenitentia*; *μετανοεῖν* = *poenitentiam agere*. From the Patristic Age onward it is easy to show that the received exegesis stood firm. Only with the sixteenth century came that splintering of tradition which, whilst leaving the Catholic Church in possession of her interpretation, released a countless medley of variants. The new doctrines on *μετάνοια*, and the attacks on the old, frequently appealed to the etymology of the word. Of fresh translations, the most interesting is that adopted by Beza: *resipiscentia*.

Here Father Dirksen halts his preliminary inquiry with the sensible suggestion that for the real meaning of the word in the New Testament, a tradition ancient and firm takes precedence over the inventions of the New Learning. It remains, however, to establish New Testament usage in the light of its proper sources.

Part II is therefore concerned with the Jewish and Greek background of *μετάνοια*. St. John the Baptist and Our Lord Himself preached in the tradition of the

Law and the Prophets. On their lips, in the ears of their hearers, a word could only mean, at least until they should teach otherwise, what it had always meant in Israel.

Penance has a long history in Jewish literature, pre-exilic and post-exilic, canonical and apocryphal. Father Dirksen follows the trace of the texts with patient care to the eve of the Gospel era and somewhat beyond. The pertinent terms in which George Foot Moore extracts the sense of this later material could be applied with proportionate justice to the earlier: "Repentance, in the rabbinical definition of it, includes both the *contritio cordis* and the *confessio oris* of the Christian analysis. Nor is the element of *satisfactio operis* lacking."³

So much for the idea of repentance among the Jews. But they spoke and wrote not of *μετάνοια* but of *teshubah*, which, on etymological grounds, would rather suggest the Greek *ἐπιστροφή*. A vital chapter, therefore, is devoted to the use of the terms *μετάνοια*, *μετανοεῖν* in the Hellenistic literature of the Jews—that is, in the Septuagint, in certain non-canonical works, such as the Testament of the XII Patriarchs, in Philo and Josephus. The evidence fully shows that *μετάνοια* was the real and technical equivalent in Greek of the Hebrew *teshubah*.

There follows the longest chapter in the book, occupied with a question of direct interest to the classical Hellenist: to what extent, if at all, was *μετάνοια* used in purely Greek literature to express the idea of repentance? A useful survey of the field had been made twenty-five years ago by E. F. Thompson.⁴ Father Dirksen has been able to make significant additions to his predecessor's materials, and has restudied their import with scrupulous care. It is in fact possible to trace at a surprisingly early date among the purely Greek uses of *μετανοεῖν* examples that anticipate the specialized religious use of a later age and another culture. To instance but one: (Α)μαρτὸν μετανοεῖ is a precept of Delphic piety dated by Dittenberger to the sixth or seventh century before Christ.⁵ It would be a fallacy to understand this remarkable sentence as if it were out of a Christian context, but the analogy is highly significant.

At the dawn of our era, *Metanoia* was prepared to come forward in purely Greek productions as an allegorical figure representing rueful change of counsel after sad experience. Her first appearance in this rôle occurs in the *Painting* (Πίναξ) of Cebes. The author, who has borrowed his name from the *Phaedo*, composed this dialogue probably in the first Christian century—the swan-song, Zeller calls it, of Stoic Philosophy.⁶ *Metanoia* comes to the rescue of a man led astray by false opinions of life's values, and brings him back to a true philosophy. Lucian, about a hundred years later, traced, with due acknowledgement, a miniature imitation of the *Painting*. Cebes' *Metanoia* is salutary; Lucian's comes in guise of vain regret, *δακρύουσα ἐξ οὐδὲν ὄφελος*, to cap the climax of a wretch's ruin: καὶ τὸν ἄθλιον ἐπαπολλύουσα.⁷ The same distressful lady appears in another of Lucian's repertory, to deepen the woes of one confounded by a fault of weak credulity.

The portrait is vividly done: κατόπιν δὲ ἡκολούθει πάνυ πενθικῶς τις ἐσκευασμένη, μελανείμων καὶ κατεσπαραγμένη. Μετάνοια ὄμῃ αὐτῇ ἐλέγετο· ἐπεστρέφετο γοῦν εἰς τοῦπίσω δακρύουσα καὶ μετ' αἰδοῦς πάνυ τὴν Ἀλήθειαν προσιοῦσαν ὑπέβλεπεν.⁸

Father Dirksen interprets the sum of his findings in the field of profane Greek usage in the sense that when the Apostles came to preach μετάνοια to a pagan audience (when, for example, St. Paul addressed Stoics and Epicureans at Athens), the term, with a little explanation, would have carried its Judeo-Christian meaning home. The profane history of the word abundantly proves its aptness for the development of that meaning, a development observed in the Hellenistic Greek of Jewish use.

Part III states in a few brief chapters the conclusions which, after so painstaking a preparation, the author is fairly entitled to draw. St. John the Baptist, Our Lord, the Apostles, must have meant *teshubah-poenitentia* when they preached that kind of conversion which in New Testament Greek is called μετάνοια. *Teshubah* of the pre-evangelical tradition, like *poenitentia* of the developed Catholic tradition, was a conversion implying contrition for sin, confession (of some sort), amendment, satisfaction. The etymology of the Greek term is interesting, is suggestive; but its value is incidental.

One cannot read this dissertation without conceiving a high esteem of the indefatigable toiler, the methodical explorer, the sober and penetrating critic whose work it is. We congratulate Father Dirksen cordially. For his own sake, and for that of his work, we are sorry that it could not have been better printed. The serious student, however, will overlook many a *vitium preli* when so real a service of sound learning is placed at his disposal.

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EDGAR R. SMOTHERS, S. J.

NOTES

1. *The New Testament Conception of Metanoia*. A dissertation submitted to the Cath. University of America for the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology. By Aloys H. Dirksen, C. P. S., S. T. L., St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio. Washington, 1932. 8vo, pp. xi+256.
2. *Lexicon Graecum Novi Testamenti*. Paris, 1931.
3. *Judaism in the First Centuries of the Christian Era*. Cambridge, Mass., 1927. I, 514.
4. *Μετανοέω and Μεταμέλει in Greek Literature till 100 A. D.* Univ. of Chicago Press, 1908.
5. *Sylloge Inscriptionum Graecarum*. Leipzig, 1920. No. 1268, 8.
6. *Outlines of the History of Greek Philosophy*,¹³ revised by Nestle, transl. by L. R. Palmer. London, 1931. P. 272.
7. *De Mercede Conductis*, 42.
8. *Calumniae non temere credendum*, 5.

If the precious years of youth can be kept sacred to a broad, all-round culture, that dwarfs no one power in the interests of another, but conserves and develops every phase and facet of character, we shall perhaps save something yet from the all-devouring utilitarianism of the age in which we live. And the postponement of specialization thereby involved will turn out to be, in the long run, no loss at all, but a great gain, even in the interests of expertness and efficiency itself.—*Fred-erick Tracy* ("The Psychology of Adolescence")

Lucretius and God

Do we not find that the poem of Lucretius strikes us forcibly with a sense of *something wanting*?—of a missing element alike in the world of man and in the outer world of Nature? Yes, even in those vivid descriptions of Nature, which he knows so well to paint in a line or two of his rushing verse, pictures so bright and clear and living that the fresh air seems to blow out of them as on a breezy summer morning—even here we feel that something is absent—something which we know ought to be there—and at first we are puzzled, and ask ourselves what it is. It is just so in a dream, when we go out and walk the familiar street and see the well-known forms and persons, the trees, the sky, the house in which we live; but always we are filled with pain, for however bright the sunlight, and however green the leaves may be, there is something wanting in the landscape, everywhere, in all we see. It is some friend—some one that we dearly love, and without whom we can never be satisfied—whom in our dream we go seeking up and down, yet cannot find. And what at times strikes us so strongly in Lucretius' poem is something more than his mere air of standing aloof from common human affairs. Is it not the lack of Life, the absence of any Living Presence in the world, that we feel? And, alas! this was no dream to Lucretius, but a waking nightmare; and to those who can hear, the sadness of it cries aloud in his poem. (John Masson, *Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet*, pp. 419, 420. London, John Murray.)

It is impossible to prove the incomparable value of the greatest things in classical or any other literature. One can but testify. But think—those who know them—of Hector and Andromache, of the scenes on the shield of Achilles, of ode after ode of Pindar, of the story of Salamis as Aeschylus tells it, of the Agamemnon from beginning to end, of Oedipus at Colonus, of Alceitis, of the second and sixth and eleventh books of the Aeneid, of the *docti furor arduus Lucreti*; think of Thucydides' picture of the last great fight at Syracuse; think of the Phaëdo and of the great visions of the Republic and the Phaedrus; and ask, not whether modern literature does not contain things as good, but whether you can do without these, or whether the best translation in the world can give you them without taking from them half their life and nearly all their beauty. I am not afraid of the answer which you will give. You will say that to live in that air even for a short time is to become nobler, wiser, more sympathetic, more aware of the best of which human nature is capable in the regions both of thought and beauty; and that even if the business of life allows you but rarely to revisit the heights; even if in the work of teaching you are constantly delayed about the lower slopes making paths for feeble climbers; yet the slopes lead upwards continuously to the peaks, and the peaks are always waiting there, for you and for them, and inspiring courage and hope.—A. W. Pickard-Cambridge.

Cleverness kills wisdom; that is one of the few sad and certain things.—*Chesterton*

